denied she had. Gladys ignored my whispered information that Sophy had a memory problem, indeed had Korsakov's syndrome, and had probably given consent and forgotten all about it. She scowled. Sophy told me to fuck myself and stormed out of the office. When I tried to resume shift-change, Gladys kept grumbling about my alleged mistreatment of Sophy. When I came to Sophy's name on the list, and mentioned that she wasn't supposed to get more than one pack of cigs a day, Gladys ignored me. I asked her several times if she'd heard me.

Suddenly Gladys flared at me and accused me of treating her like a little girl. I told Gladys that I merely wanted to finish shift-change without having to listen to her negativity. I also wanted to be sure she was paying attention. She let me finish, but with an ill grace. Later, when we were serving in the kitchen, she accused me of treating the tenants "like shit."

I don't know why Gladys became so incensed about our arrangement with Sophy. She followed the same procedure herself with Gabriel and Jack, and was always warning me not to let them scam me for extra cigs. Harriet Parsons made Gladys apologize. At first she denied everything. Then she prevaricated. She said she'd accused me of treating the tenants "like dirt."

Her principal line of defense was what she termed "our good relationship." She showed the "Team Leader" the sunglasses